

**FINE POINT ABOUT THE LAW**

**Somewhat Curious Problem Has Been Raised by the Decision of a Learned Judge.**

Suppose you owned a dog and a neighbor asked the courts to compel you to keep it from barking and yelping day and night, interfering with his business and causing him and his family loss of sleep, and suppose the court handed down a decree requiring you to restrain your dog from barking, yelping and howling, "except in cases of burglary or fire," how would you set about obeying the order?

If you fix it so the dog cannot bark at all and burglars invade your domicile or fire breaks out and the dog cannot bark, you may be rebuked or murdered in retaliation for the injunction that your restraint of the barking, yelping and howling shall extend only to those periods when there is no burglary or fire. For the order expressly limits your right to restrain any barking, yelping and howling aforesaid by those exceptions.

Must you sit up nights and look out for burglars and fires and be ready to remove your restraint of the dog's vocalization when either or both appear?

Yes, you might get rid of the dogs of course, but there is nothing said about that. The law does not prohibit you keeping the dog. All it is concerned about is that you shall not allow the dog to become a nuisance. You have to place it under restraint. But you can at least congratulate yourself that, unlike the trusts, you do not have to worry about what constitutes reasonable restraint because there's not a word about reasonableness in the law. All you have to do is to restrain the animal from barking, yelping and howling, except in cases of burglary or fire. The exception may, it is true, seem unreasonable, but the law is made to be obeyed, somehow and it leaves it to you to find out how.

**TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING**

**Duck Raiser Found Pepsin of Considerable Value, But He Has Discontinued Its Use.**

Refusing to eat any kind of food offered to them, Charles Koch of Port Chester, N. Y., concluded that his flock of one dozen ducks had a form of dyspepsia and decided to doctor them himself. His method was not entirely original, for he procured pepsin tablets and, dissolving them in water, he contrived to get the fluid down their throats with the aid of a metal tube. Releasing them one by one he sat down in the house to see what happened.

Almost magical effects were noted. Instead of declining their usual proventer, they ate it with avidity and came back for more. Scraps from the family dinner table also disappeared in a similar manner. Delighted with the success of his experiment Koch administered additional doses of fluid pepsin. Ducks eggs were one result.

But now the entire flock seems to be always hungry. That has its disagreeable features. Seven o'clock in the morning is the customary feeding time for the ducks, but it is different now. The ducks know where Koch sleeps, and they assemble under his bedroom window and quack in chorus before five o'clock, keeping up the din until he throws some food to them. Two hours or so later they resume their clamor. So it goes all day. Koch is getting eggs, but he is losing sleep.

"Take it from me," he says, "I have stopped the pepsin."

**Pleasant Quarters for French Prisoner**

A retreat rather than a prison is the new institution which has been raised at Evreux, on the road from Paris to Trouville, says a correspondent of the London Globe. It is oval in form, much in appearance to that of a large castle, and is surrounded by a wall over 20 feet in height.

It is situated on high ground overlooking the town, and to say the least, prisoners should have a very comfortable time. Each has his own cell with hammock bed washing utensils and a table for books. The cells are lighted by electricity and heated by radiators. The authorities have not forgotten the spiritual needs of their inmates. The consideration of the ministry of justice for the welfare of the prisoners is seen by an electric bell at the head of each hammock, so that the detained, if he be taken suddenly ill, can communicate with the guard.

**The Spider Cheat.**

Many species of spiders are interesting on account of their physical construction or their habits, but the most curious specimens are probably to be found in the woods of Sumatra; and these naturalists call, not without reason, "spider cheats." This insect, in order to trap the flies, etc., on which it feeds, hides on a leaf and spins a web of neutral color, making an illusion so perfect that the prey not only does not fly, but seems attracted by the peculiar termination of the web on the edge of the leaf. This is a perfect knot in appearance and gives to the trap the general shape of a miniature palm-leaf fan with indented handle.—Harper's Weekly.

**Another of the Species.**

"Is this a little boy or a little girl?" a teacher asked when the new scholar, a boy with curls, came in. "He ain't none of 'em. He's a slay," one of the class volunteered.—St. Louis Republic.

**OBJECT LESSON WAS ENOUGH**

**After the Illustration Mrs. Jones Was Able to Understand Just How It Happened.**

Mr. Jones believed that no one need ever fall down. It was pure carelessness, he said. Anyone who walked straight, and did not dawdle round, was in no danger of losing his balance. He said so to Mrs. Jones many times, but she only smiled in a provoking way.

One bitter cold January morning he changed his mind. Everything outdoors had a coating of ice. The path leading from the barn to the house was smooth as glass and slanted treacherously on either hand. On one side of it was an old cellar, where the house had once stood. Jones was coming from the barn, after doing a morning's chores, with a pail of milk in each hand. It was just opposite the cellar when—out flew his feet and down he went on his back. The next instant he had slid in a shower of milk over the edge of the cellar hole, and landed on the bottom with a thump that fairly took away his breath.

He looked round in a dazed way for a moment, and then crawled to his feet. After making reasonably sure that none of his bones were broken, he climbed out and went limping into the house to tell his wife.

"Matilda! Matilda!" he called. "Come out here!"

Obediently she came. "Why, Hiram, what has happened? Are you hurt?" she exclaimed, startled.

"Yes," answered Jones. "I fell down that old cellarway. Come here and I'll show you."

Mrs. Jones followed her husband gingerly.

"See, Matilda," he said, as he reached the spot and turned, "I stood right here like this when—"

Once more Jones's feet flew up, and in precisely the same manner as before he landed in the bottom of the cellar. Silence reigned while Mrs. Jones gazed at the spot where her husband had stood. Then she saw his head appearing over the top of the bank.

"Hiram," she said, "you needn't explain any further. I understand exactly how it was done."

But Hiram's answer was a thoroughly ill-tempered grunt.—Youth's Companion.

**BEEES AT WORK ALL THE TIME**

**In Many Localities There is No Closed Season for Those Industrious Laborers.**

Although bees are apt to turn out on any sunny day, the bulk of their work is done by the first of November and they have retired for their winter's sleep. The beekeeper must now put cushions into the tops of the hives, taking only what honey he is sure can be spared by the bees, and leave them for their hibernation.

In Florida there is no such work to do, says a writer in *Outing*. The bees work all winter, and they have as good feed in February and March as they do in July. The orange orchards are alive with the honey gatherers, and their buzzings blend into almost a roar in March, for that is when the orange flowers are open; but it must be confessed that the honey has a twang, something like the acidity of an orange, and it does not compare at all with that made from the basswood.

Besides the orange there are successive flowerings of legumes of all sorts all the year, every one having a positive flavor and very few of them giving to honey a familiar flavor. Yet Florida is a natural home of the bee, and honey in the southern states will yet become as familiar a product as cane sugar.

In the Mississippi valley and elsewhere professional beekeepers carry their hives to the south to meet the coming of the flowers early in the season, turning around toward the north and carrying them to gather the later sweets from later flowering apples and berries. In this way, or by carrying them up and down mountain sides, the feeding spells on clover or basswood and other trees can be greatly lengthened.

**Yellow Writing Paper Easy on Eyes.**

Oculists have often called attention to the fact that the eyes are easily fatigued by the reflection from white paper, especially when the surface is under a strong light. Since green is known to be the color most restful to the eyes, it is a common practice to use wall papers and draperies of that color in libraries and private studies. For writing paper, however, green is an unsatisfactory color. It imparts a reddish appearance to the writing, and makes it hard to read.

Yellow writing paper is not open to the same objection. In strong daylight it is softer than pure white paper, and in artificial light is not too dark. Black letters on a yellowish background show clear and distinct. Many mathematicians use yellow paper in figuring long and difficult calculations, and many writers have adopted it for manuscripts. It has the additional merit of cheapness.—Youth's Companion.

**"Swallowed a Word."**

Little Mary was telling what she thought was an exciting story about a dream. She stuttered in her effort, gulped and paused hopelessly without completing the sentence.

"Why child, what is the matter?" her mother asked. "The word 'swallowed' slipped, and I forgot what I was about to say."

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**COWLES**

C. F. Rose of Red Cloud was on our streets last Friday.

Jas. McBride was in Blue Hill Tuesday between trains.

Mr. and Mrs. Jud Bailey were visiting in Cowles between passenger trains Tuesday.

Miss Maud Hayes who has been teaching out near Trenton is home for her summer vacation.

Miss Avos Ritchey returned home Friday from Des Moines, Iowa, where she has been attending school.

C. W. Kaley made a visit at Elmer Simons Tuesday and while here attended the commencement exercises.

Miss Leonard of Inavale came in Tuesday evening to attend the graduating exercises and make a short visit. Miss Leonard was a former teacher at this place.

Mr. Titus of Fairfield, Nebraska, preached at the Christian church Sunday afternoon and evening. He expects to come back and preach again in two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Paul, Miss Elma Squires and Miss Florence Squires came in from Hastings Tuesday evening in an auto to attend commencement exercises.

R. B. Thompson left on the train Tuesday for Marion, Va., where his sister lives. After a short stay his sister expects to return with him for an extended visit.

John Brush bought a new Chalmers auto of the M. R. Adamson Auto Co., last week. We are glad to see the farmers able to buy such cars as they are the means of a good deal of pleasure as well as convenience.

Commencement exercises were held in the M. E. church Tuesday evening. Misses Stella and Dorothy Baylor, Louis Ritchey, Freda Simons, Flossie

Motter, Ida Hill and Cecil Swagart were the 10th grade graduates for this year.

The following program was rendered:

**PROGRAMME**

Piano Duet—"The Steighride" Eugene Walter

Freda Simons, Lois Ritchey

Invocation Rev. A. M. Steele

Music—"Thinking of You" J. A. Parks

Ladies' Quartette

Oration—"Conservation" Ida Hill

Oration—"Where the Brook and River Meet" Estella Baylor

Music—"Over the Meadows" J. S. Fearis

High School Chorus

Oration—"Woman's Kingdom" Freda Simons

Oration—"Knowledge is Wealth" Clara Schillinger

Music—"In the Gloaming" Meta Orred

Male Quartette

Oration—"By Their Fruits" Flossie Motter

Oration—"Your Part" Cecil Swagart

Music—"Farewell Greeting" J. A. Parks

Ladies' Quartette

"Class History and Prophecy" Lois Ritchey, Dorothy Baylor

Music—"Where Duty Calls" Runyan

Male Quartette

Presentation of Diplomas

Mr. J. R. Morse

Music—"At Parting" J. A. Parks

High School Chorus

Benediction Rev. H. E. Lininger

**GARFIELD**

Guy Barnes and wife were visiting in town Sunday.

Al Smith and family were calling on Fred Harris Sunday.

Amack Bros. got in a car load of stock cattle and took them to their pasture on Friday.

Misses Ruth and Katherine Harris were pleasant callers on Muriel and Ethel Fisher Monday.

A large crowd attended the play at the opera house Saturday night given by the graduating class.

Everybody is thru planting corn for the first time but there is a good many that are planting over on the account of a poor stand.

More wind than rain in the past few days. But what is the use of kicking it will rain some of these days before long whether we need it or not.

**Oilcloth Wrinkle.**

Very little water should be used in washing oilcloth, as some of it will soak through the cloth beneath and rot it. Use a flannel cloth well wrung out and wipe the floor until clean. Sal soda will aid greatly. Wipe the white spots caused by spilling any hot liquid on the oilcloth with a few drops of ammonia.

**Structures Have Proved Lasting.**

The most distinctive manifestation of old North German architecture takes the form of a heavy framework of timber filled in with well-baked brick, the timbers remaining visible. Structures of this kind have stood the test of time on soil often marshy and yielding, and in the country districts this style of building is still followed.

**Naturally He Was Sick.**

He came creeping in at the usual hour when a man finds it convenient to enter his house with as little commotion as possible. He replied, in response to the usual wifely query put to gentlemen who arrive home at that hour of the night that he had been sitting up with a sick friend. "A sick friend, indeed! And what ailed him?" "W-why, he lost \$87."

**Senses of Lower Animals.**

Most animals, such as the fox, the wolf and the rabbit, find their way back to their lairs by a combination of sight, memory and smell. The fox could smell his way home if he were suddenly struck blind.

**By No Means a New Fad.**  
"I am afraid Mrs. Wapping is a ter-magant," remarked Mrs. Pilcher. "Indeed," said Mrs. Bluntsome, with a slight elevation of her eyebrows. "Some people take up every new fad that comes along."

**Man's Hard Lot.**

Ge, but it's tough to have to tell a bright, pretty, attractive, fascinating girl, the fervor of whose proposals shows how undying her affection is, that you can only be a brother to her!—Boston Globe.

**They Don't Grow Old.**

There is a law in Germany that when a dog or cat has passed the age of six years they must be turned over to the police to be killed. Not a dozen animals are turned over a year. No matter how old a cat or dog be come the owner vows that the age is five years to a day.



**Breeders Attention**

I will keep my Stallions and Jacks during the season of 1912 at the Old Day Barn, South Elm Street, where I shall be pleased to have both my new and old customers call and see me.

**H. A. Johnson**

PHONE IND. 202